

T O
His Royal Highness,

CHARLES,
Edward Louis
PRINCE of WALES, &c.

REGENT of the Kingdoms of
Scotland, England, France and Ireland.

-----*Te nostræ, VARE, myricæ,*
Te nemus omne canet.-----

Jam nova Progenies Cælo demittitur alto.



Printed in the Year MDCCXLV.

His Royal Highness

CHARLES

PRINCE OF WALES &c.



By Appointment to His Royal Highness

The Prince of Wales

His Highness the Duke of Cornwall

and Rothesay



Printed in the Year MDCCCLV

To His Royal Highness,
CHARLES,
 PRINCE of *WALES, &c.*
 REGENT of the Kingdoms of *Scot-*
land, England, France and Ireland.

HAIL GLORIOUS YOUTH! the Wonder of the Age,
 The future Subject of th' Historian's Page;
 Oh best of PRINCES! best of PATRIOTS, deign
 A loyal Muse to hail thy happy Reign.

THOU born to right three injur'd Nations Cause,
 To strip Oppressors of oppressive Laws;

Like Heaven, thou comes with Mercy in thy Eyes,
And Tears drop down when ev'n a Rebel dies.

WHERE shall the *Muse* begin to sing thy Praise?
Where fix a Period to her honest Lays?

Oh! could my Fancy with my Will agree,
I still wou'd sing, and still wou'd sing of Thee.

VAIN are the Efforts of an artless Man,
His Fire extinct and shorten'd half his Span:
Another *MARO* shall arise, whose Pen
Shall place the *HERO* with immortal Men.

BUT still, ye GODS, allow me Time to breathe,
While to my *PRINCE*'s Head I add a Wreath;
While I contribute one unheeded Mite,
'Tis all I can, and all for which I write.

OH! God-like-Man, what Angel steer'd thy Course?
What GOD directed, where was thy Resource?

Th'

Th' *Usurper's* Fleets, in Triumph, scal'd the Waves,
 The base *Usurper's* Mercenary Slaves;
 Rav'nous and bold they skip'd along the Main,
 With Views, dear PRINCE, to sell thy Life for Gain:
 Yet THOU, undaunted, fearless, God-like, rode
 In a poor Shallop; — 'Twas the Cause of GOD;
 And GOD, who set to nought th' *Affyrians* Pride,
 Thy Vessel guarded, and their Pow'r defy'd.

But say, when landed on a Native Shore,
 What Friends THOU found'st, or what cou'd Foes do more?
 Friends faithless some, and some by far too slow,
 O'erwhelm'd thy *Princely Heart* with gen'rous Woe;
 Whiles Foes had destin'd thy devoted Head,
 Like *CHARLES* and *MARY's* on a Block to bleed.

Mean Time, unguarded YOUTH, thou stood'st alone,
 The cruel Tyrant urg'd his Army on;
 But Truth and Goodness were the best of Arms,
 And, fearless PRINCE, Thou smil'd at threatn'd Harms.

How happy He! where honest Views presides,
 That is the MAN the GOD of Nature guides:
 Thus glorious *VASA* work'd in *Swedish* Mines;
 Thus helpless saw his Enemy's Designs;
 Till rous'd, his hardy *Highlanders* arose,
 And pour'd Destruction on their foreign Foes.

THUS soon, GREAT SIR, thy honest Cause procur'd,
 A Loyal Race ne'er swore, or ne'er abjur'd;
 A Set of Men, the Terror and the Dread
 Of the detested *Hannoverian* Breed;
 A Set of Men, whose Worth was scarcely known;
 A Set of Men th' *Usurper* did disown:
 Disown'd indeed! reserv'd for some great Blow;
 Some Hangman Work, like Loyal good *GLENCOE*.

THESE are the few whom Heaven and Fate reserve,
 From further Slav'ry *Scotia* to preserve;
 To aid their PRINCE, and set him on his Throne;
 Strike Tyrants dead; make *JAMES* be King alone:

These

These are the hardy Sons the GODS decree
To set three Nations from *Usurpers* free.

PROCEED, great Warriors, worthy Men proceed,
And latest Ages shall the Annal read;
How hardy Loyal *Highlanders* alone
Restor'd the *STEWARTS*, and set them on their Throne!

WHAT Praise, O *CAMERON*! can the Muse ascribe
Thou free from Censure, as thou wast from Bribe;
Unstain'd, unfully'd, in a corrupt Age,
Reserv'd for Fame in every Poet's Page:
The Sun shall fade, the Stars shall lose their Light;
But *CAMERON*'s Fame shall never suffer Night;
Bright as thy self it ever shall appear
To all good Men, to GOD and Angels dear;
Thou wast the first that lent thy friendly Aid,
Of no *Usurper*'s bloody Laws afraid;
Thou wast the first, and thy Example drew
The honest Loyal honourable Few.

Few,

FEW, few indeed, but mighty Hearts they had;
 Thou, PRINCE, their Leader, who cou'd be afraid;
 So fair a Copy all must imitate,
 And join to hasten the *Usurper's* Fate.

O'ER the bleak Mountains see the SONS of FAME
 Fearless advance, and catch the glorious Flame;
 They saw their PRINCE, they lov'd, and they admir'd,
 For Glory burn'd, with Loyalty were fir'd.

AH! Name long lost, and scarcely understood,
 And only living in the *Scottish*-Blood,
 Soon shall it spread, and soon the Flame return,
 And soon each *British* Heart with Ardour burn.

OH GLORIOUS YOUTH! they cry'd, while we have Breath,
 Nought, nought shall part us but immediate Death,
 Our honest Fathers loyal Blood we share,
 Thou art our PRINCE, and Thou the righteous HEIR:
 See, see that Face, where all the STEWART shines!
 Is bright Divinity in fairer Lines?

See

See mild good Nature join'd with noble Grace,
 Is't not the *STEWART* and *SOBIESKI* Race?
 Glorious Connection! Here the Warrior glows,
 There, like his Great Fore-Fathers, Mercy flows;
 Mercy ill tim'd, ill plac'd, their only-Crime
 To trust too much, and trust it out of Time.

THOU, GLORIOUS PRINCE, how great was thy Reply!

- " I come to Conquer, or I come to Die:
 " And great the Conquest, if I conquer Hearts;
 " No Joy the Field of Death so great imparts.
 " Let proud *Usurpers* rule by Penal Laws,
 " Your PRINCE from no such Right His Title draws;
 " I come, poor *SCOTIA*'s Cause to vindicate
 " With You, I dare the most detested Fate:
 " Think not I'll punish every trait'rous Deed,
 " My Arms are open, for my Sons I bleed;
 " See here my Father's Royal Word, ——— And see
 " My Actions, and his Will shall still agree. "

THE Gracious Declaration, issu'd forth,
 Resound glad Ecchoes thro' the spacious North,
 Repenting Subjects, weeping, own their Crimes,
 Curse the *Usurper*, and degen'rate Times,
 With Noble Ardor rush into the Field,
 For to such Manly Goodness all must yield.

SEE the bold CHIEFS their hardy Warriors lead,
 Eager in such a Cause, with such a Head,
GLENGART, KEPPOCH, ALPIN, only weep,
 These thirty Years the Cause has been asleep;
 Nor good *GLENBUCKET*, Loyal thro' thy Life,
 Wast thou untimely in the Glorious Strife?
 Thy CHIEF degen'rate; Thou his Terror stood,
 To vindicate the Loyal *GORDON*'s Blood,
 The Loyal *GORDONS* own the gen'rous Call,
 With *CHARLES* and *THEE* resolv'd to live or fall.

SEE *ATHOLE*'s Duke, in Exile, ever true,
 His faithful Toils for *THEE* his *PRINCE* renew;

By

By Tyrants first, then by a Brother spurn'd,
 Still, still, with Loyalty his Bosom burn'd;
 One of the Select never-dying Train
 Convey'd their PRINCE, thro' Dangers on the Main,
 See how Hereditary Right prevails,
 And see *Astrea* poise the Wayward Scales!
 Th' Usurping Brother to th' Usurper flies,
 While his Return is Ecchoed to the Skies,
 And happy Vassals to his Standard flies.

His worthy Brother bursting into Fame,
 Asserts the Honour of the *MURRAY*'s Name,
 In Council wise, and Glorious in the Field,
 His PRINCE's Thunder born with Grace to weild;
 To hurl Destruction on Invet'rate Foes,
 And give *BRITANNIA* long desir'd Repose.

THE *MURRAYS* glowing with a Gen'rous Flame,
 Affords still Subject for the noblest Theme;

But

But these I pass. — Their Virtues speak their Praise,
Nor shall be lost by Inexpressive Lays.

BUT why, Oh *PERTH*! why should I silent be,
Nor tell the World the Worth that lives in Thee?
Thy hospitable Doors to Foes were wide,
Even to the Foes by whom thou wast betray'd:
But Heaven, thy Guardian, stop'd the threatn'd Ill,
And *PERTH* preserv'd, and will preserve him still.

ELCHO—— but Words are weak, for who can tell
What God-like Actions have express'd so well.

BELOV'D by all, see *OGILVIE* appears
A Man in Courage, tho' a Youth in Years;
Thy Fame, succeeding Ages pleas'd, shall read,
And future *AIRLIES* emulate each Deed.

THEE, *NAIRN* and *GASK*, with Rapture could I sing,
Still true to GOD, your Country, and your KING,

Loyal

Loyal and just, sincere as weeping Truth,
 The same in Manhood as in early Youth;
 But while the Sun the blue Horizon gilds,
 Each little Witness to his Brightness yields.

STROWAN, great Chief, whom both *Minervas* Crown,
 Illustrious *Bard*, thou Suff'rer of Renown,
 Long dim'd, like Rays shot from a clouded Star,
 In Verse *Apollo*, and a *Mars* in War,

MENZIES reserv'd to add a nobler Grace,
 To an Illustrious, but forgotten Race;
 A Race that added to the *Brucian* Fame,
 And rises now with no less Loyal Flame.

Th' Immortal *GRAHAMS*, but ah! without a Head,
 Yet always shew that Loyalty's their Creed.

THESE, MIGHTY PRINCE, were Men, by Heaven's Decree
 Reserv'd, to catch new Hopes and Life from Thee;

D

Reserv'd

Reserv'd with Thee to pull th' *Usurper* down,
To right Thy Country, and to right Thy Crown.

FROM *PERTH* the select Few, with Courage springs,
Bent for *EDINA*, ancient Seat of Kings;
Nor dreary Wastes, nor Forts their Ardour quell,
Not ev'n in Heart, the meanest Man rebels:
Thou, GLORIOUS PRINCE, 'midst Death and Danger bred,
Thro' all the willing Troops to Glory led.

WELCOME thou cam'st, nor were bigotted Foes
Allow'd thy happy Entrance to oppose;
Happy thou cam'st to save a ruin'd Town,
By penal Laws and Bigotry pull'd down.

HAPPY *EDINA*, now thy Joy's complete,
Thy KINGS again resume their ancient Seat:
A PRINCE that smiles on Thee, and still will smile,
And make Thee great while *BRITAIN* is an Isle:
His Soldiers Hands in pity he restrains,
For *Blood* and *Robb'ry* are no *STEWART*'s Stains.

A Nau-

A Nauseous Tool th' *Usurper's* Anger finds,
 A *COPE* to war 'gainst God, and Man, and Winds;
 Boldly he *march'd*, with Words blasphemous fraught,
 With Death and Torture in each Coward thought:
 Whil'st thou, My *PRINCE*, with Mildness *march'd* away,
 In *GOD* thy Hope, without the least Dismay.

BUT who, *GREAT SIR*, can draw the dreadful Dawn,
 Where *THOU* appear'd above a mortal Man?
 Where all thy *Troops*, with martial Ardour strove,
 Who best should fight, and best deserve thy *Love*:
 The horrid *TUBES*, which thunder'd from afar,
 But urg'd their Ardour to the noble War;
 While sculking Traitors took themselves to flight,
 Nor dar'd to urge the worthy Warrior's Might:
 Short the Dispute, for soon the flaming Sword
 Taught *GOD* was with thee, Thou, next Him, our *LORD*.

OH! who can paint the Horrors of the Day,
 The dying Dead, the Anguish, the Dismay;

Whil'st

Whilst Thou with Tears their dismal Fate bemoans,
And flies to help, and ease even Traitors Groans.

[OH! GLORIOUS CHARACTER! Oh MAN DIVINE!

With what immortal Honour shalt thou shine?

" These are my Children, spare, ye SONS of WAR,

" Tho' disobedient, yet my Children spare. "

BUT stop, my Muse, be conscious of thy Flight,

Nor dare attempt beyond a mortal Height ;

A HOMER only can a CHARLES draw,

Retire with Wonder and submissive Awe.

BRITISH
MUSEUM
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